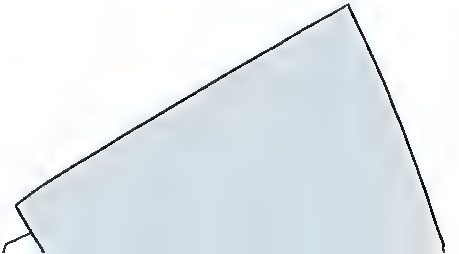
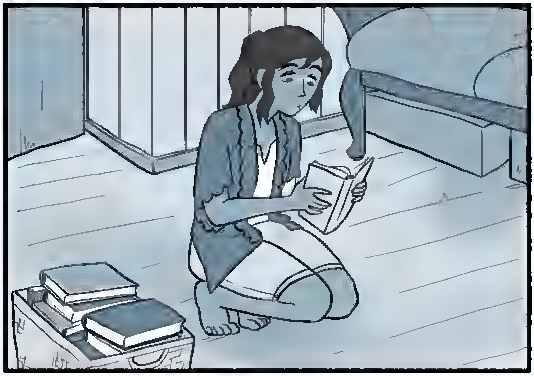


Kop



Many a time

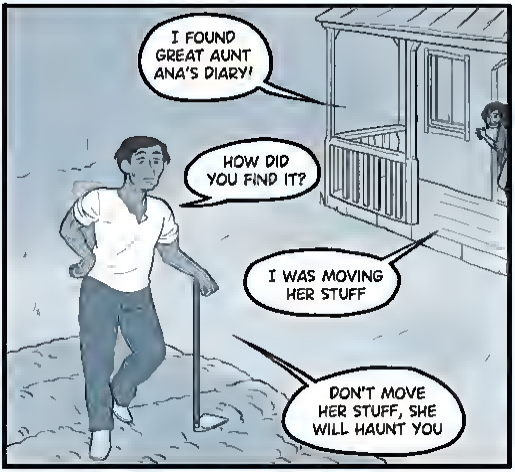
I have started writing a cohesive history of our town as it is

but each time I find I gravitate to writing a recollection of the life I've lead.

My life, featuring my friends, my family and my then wif

SLAM

GRANDPA JUAN!
GRANDPA!!


I FOUND GREAT AUNT ANA'S DIARY!
HOW DID YOU FIND IT?
I WAS MOVING HER STUFF
DON'T MOVE HER STUFF, SHE WILL HAUNT YOU

UGH FINE
SO CAN

I READ IT?
READ HER DIARY??
YEAH
DON'T, SHE'S POWERFUL, SHE WILL COME BACK TO HAUNT OUR FIELDS

GHOSTS ARE NOT REAL!
THAT'S WHAT OUR PREDECESSORS SAID ABOUT ZOMBIES
WELL THAT'S STUPID!
THEY WERE STUPID!
YES, SO, GHOSTS ARE REAL TOO

UGH!

YOU'RE STUPID!
DON'T READ HER DIARY
FINE I WON'T!!

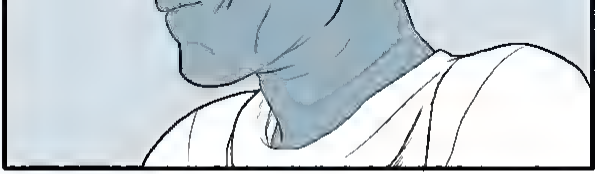
OOH, IT'S GOT PHOTOS, TOO!

My life, featuring
my friends, my family
and my then wife, Lakka.

I would not
say our life was
completely unlike
the lives of other
citizens of this
town,

but it is
safe to say without
us, the town would
not be where it is
today.

As I am
starting this journal,
I am far older than
my friends were when
the last of them
passed



I miss them,
but it is not
an unbearable
feeling.

It is more
like waiting to
see an old friend
again, after a long
trip abroad.

You miss them

but not by
feeling sad over
not being with
them

but by
remembering
the good memories
made with them.

And perhaps
there will be more
memories to be made
when you are together
again.

I am not
a sentimental
nor a spiritual
person by
nature.

I do not
know if I will
see them again

but it is
a nice thought,
I understand why
people would
cling to it.

But for
myself, for now,
I will settle for
the memories we
made

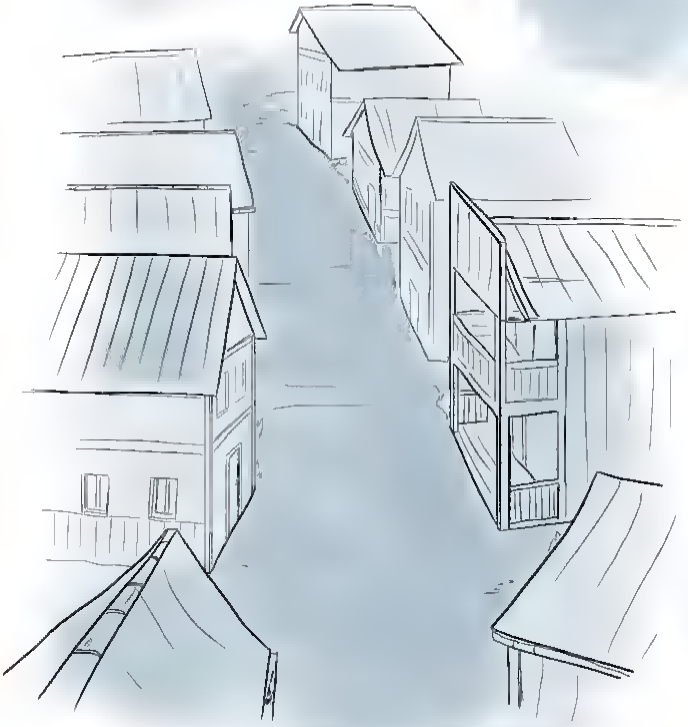
and the
world we
bettered,

for the
people who

will walk this
Earth after
us.

When we
got tired of
the broken
buildings

we made
a new town.

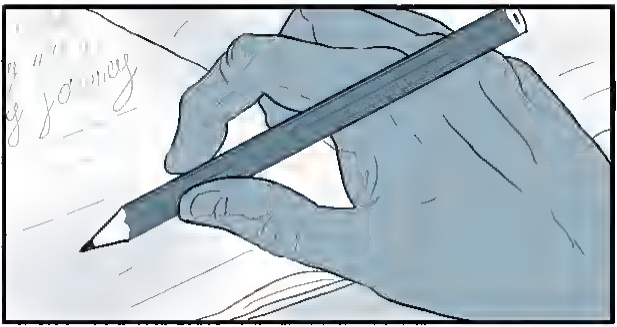


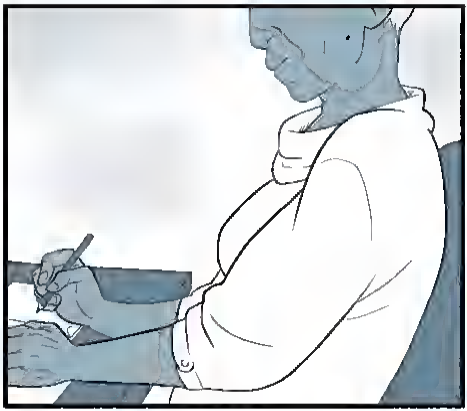
When the
world was
mean

we were
nice.

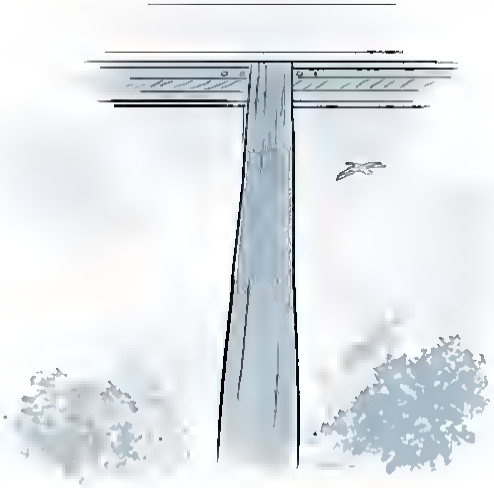
(Alright, at
least my friends
were. I've never
been very nice.)

And after
our long journey





chasing
stability and
happiness



I feel happy
I can say

We all
died human.

SHOOT AROUND

BY SUSPU